

TAs to Campaign for Unionization

by Brian Topp

The McGill Teaching Assistants' Association is planning a departmental meeting to organize a pro-unionization campaign that will lead to a referendum on the subject on October 30th.

Some twenty-five teaching assistant present at an MTAA general meeting October 9th approved a proposal to draft a pamphlet outlining the case for unionization. Most also agreed to help organize MTAA information sessions in their departments between now and the end of the month.

"An association isn't enough," said Danny Ratschek, candidate for this year's MTAA presidency. "We must unionize. We'd be in a better position to place pressure on the University. At least we'd have the legal system on our side. What we need is a committed person in each department to approach each TA."

Most of the teaching assistants at the meeting appeared to agree.

"I think we're going to get at least 70 per cent on the referendum (in favor of unionization)," one member said. "There is a stack of grievances in every department."

There wasn't complete consensus, however. Steve Watson, who is running against Ratschek for the MTAA presidency, said he was in favor of unionization, but expressed a few doubts.

"We don't have enough money to hire full-time organizers," he said. "There are a hell of a lot of unions that are just a lot of paper. A union would not automatically guarantee the things we're

fighting for."

Watson said that if the referendum on unionization failed, or suffered from low turn-out, the MTAA should set aside unionization for a while and concentrate on building up as an association.

There was some discussion at the meeting about the difficulty in sparking interest and enthusiasm about the MTAA as an organization among its membership. The low turnout at the meeting was cited as a symptom of the problem.

"We're going to have to discuss a new way to get people interested," Ratschek said. "We have to get more people to come to meetings."

The MTAA has a membership of some 180 TAs.

One member offered a partial explanation for the low interest and turn-outs.

"Much of the MTAA is made up of foreign students," he said. "Until we can guarantee that foreign students won't be penalized working for the union, we'll have problems; most of those guys could be kicked out of the university and the country tomorrow morning."

MTAA departmental information sessions on unionization are scheduled to begin soon, and pamphlets will be distributed.

Mandel:

Waller says decision unbiased

by Harold Koblin

The Political Science department's decision not to hire Dr. David Mandel was not the result of political bias, says acting Department Chairperson

Harold Waller.

"I have no indication that bias occurred. I have no reason to believe that bias was relevant to the way in which people voted," Waller told the Political Science Students' Association (PSSA) Tuesday.

In response to Waller's presentation, the PSSA decided to propose the creation of a joint faculty-student committee "to clarify and elaborate in writing the present hiring procedures within the Political Science department."

Waller told the PSSA that the Political Science department acted within its mandate when it rejected the Appointment Committee's recommendation to hire Mandel.

"The vote was simply a reflection of the opinion that there were other candidates who were better suited for the job. In the judgement of the voters, there were better candidates," he said.

The Appointments Committee then reconvened, only to find that it was split on whom to recommend. The committee presented its position to a department meeting, and was told that Mandel's case would not be reconsidered, Waller said.

"The majority of the Appointments Committee then decided that of the remaining candidates available, disallowing Mandel, the best one was Debardeleden."

"Eighty per cent of the department agreed with the choice of Debardeleden," he

said.

Waller said the department's decision was based on a long list of criteria, and was arrived at after a thorough evaluation process in which applicants gave open seminars on their field of study.

However, he said he didn't know how many department members attended Mandel's seminar.

In the question and answer period following his presentation, Waller lashed out at Mandel for bringing his complaints to the media.

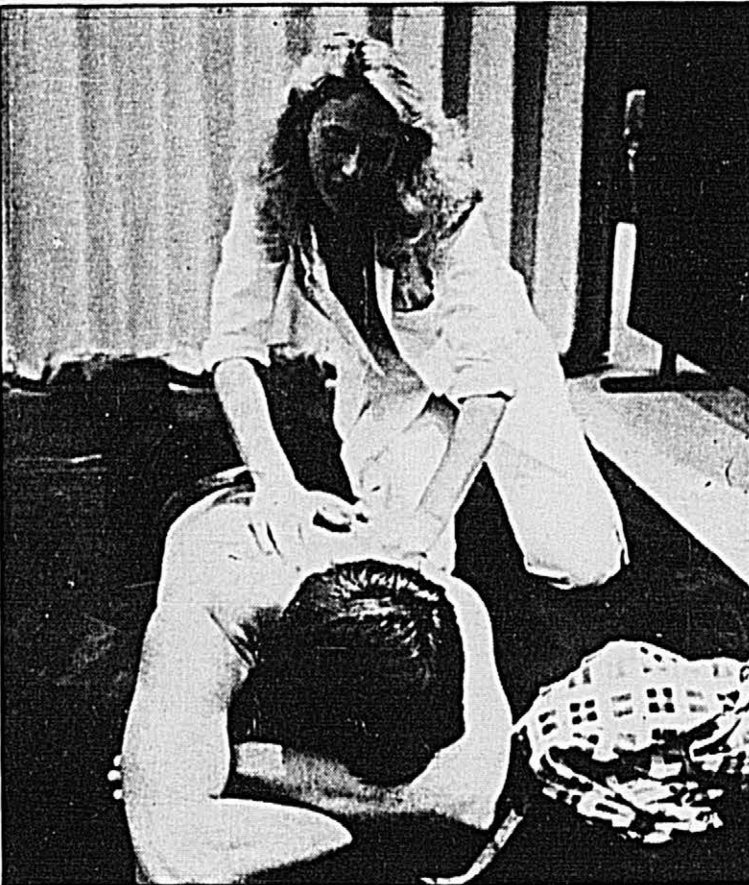
"He's accusing us of not operating properly, yet the Canadian Association of University Teachers (CAUT) says it's inappropriate to use a public forum."

"The pot should not be calling the kettle black," he said.

Following Waller's speech, the PSSA failed to reaffirm its support of Mandel, instead opting to take action that would help prevent similar events from recurring.

"It took Mandel's case to get us started, but I don't know what we can do for Mandel now," said Jeff Cohen, PSSA president.

Joanne Nezes, a student in the department, disagreed. "We're not saying he was discriminated against — the question is whether or not he has a right to appeal," she said.



Yonge Street on a Saturday night? No, just McGill's future nurses practicing their craft at "Health Assessment Day" in the Union yesterday.

U de M ed students boycott classes

MONTREAL (CUP) — Two hundred undergraduates in the Université de Montréal's pre-school and elementary program in the Faculty of Education are currently conducting a boycott of classes.

The boycott was launched last Thursday to protest a change in course requirements, and the dismissal of two professors.

Previously, third year students in the program were assigned one project during the year for which they received 24 credits. This year, however, the project has been reduced to nine credits, with 15 regular course credits added.

The university's administration says the course was put to question because of its poorly defined content.

The students are also demanding that the two professors responsible for the course be reinstated.

The students believe that the course was discontinued because it was progressive in nature and the professors were dismissed because they spoke of a concept of education less elitist than the one that exists at the university.

One of the professors left the university in the spring when the administration refused him tenure after six years of service. The other professor, who had been in charge of the course for several years, was not asked to rejoin the faculty this year.

While the students would like to see the professors reinstated, they are prepared to settle for the restoration of the 24 credit project, according to Martin Desrochers, spokesperson for the faculty's student association.

Desrochers said he wasn't sure how long the boycott would last but that students were prepared to "see it through."

"At the beginning of the year the second and third year students were very involved, but the first year students weren't. Now that they've seen what's been going on they've become involved too," said Desrochers.

The students are currently conducting parallel courses during approximately 25 per cent of the regular class time. They have also set up picket lines to make people aware of their demands.

Nader, UN disarmament chief to speak at McGill

by Richard Goldman

Ralph Nader, the wary watchdog of American corporate wrongdoing, and Jan Martenson, assistant secretary-general of the United Nations, will speak at McGill later this month as part of a disarmament education week organized by McGill students.

McGill Disarmament Week was planned by eight campus groups to coincide with International Disarmament Week, declared by the U.N. for October 24-30. Events will include speakers and films on the social, medical and economic ramifications of the arms race, the threat of nuclear war, and the process of disarmament.

"Disarmament Week will provide a first-class opportunity for students to inform and educate themselves on the problems of disarmament — not only the menace of accelerating militarism, but what students can do to act against it," says Peter Bruck of Project Plowshares McGill, a campus club founded this year to inform McGill students about disarmament.

"It should bring the issues down from the level of

diplomatic discourse to the level of personal action."

Nader, who was invited by the Debating Union, is scheduled to speak on Tuesday, October 28 on the topic "An Environmental Time Bomb: The Politics of Nuclear and Chemical Contamination." He has been one of the primary forces behind the American consumer movement since the mid-sixties, acting as a harsh critic of the auto industry, energy monopolies, industrial pollution, and corporate power in general.

Martenson, who is head of the U.N. Centre for Disarmament, will speak Monday, October 27 on the topic "Disarmament is Your Business." His speech here will be his only appearance in Canada during International Disarmament Week.

McGill Disarmament Week will also feature a discussion of the effects of radiation on fetuses and genes by Dr. Naomi Fitch on Wednesday the 29th, and a series of lunchtime lectures and films by Montrealers active in the disarmament and international cooperation groups.

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Ads may be placed through Sadie's, 1st floor Student Union building, 9 a.m. - 5 p.m.
McGill students: \$2 per day. For 3 days \$1.75, more than 3 days \$1.50.
McGill Faculty and Staff: \$3.00 per day.
All others: \$3.50 per day.

341 — APT., ROOMS, HOUSING

Looking for a male roommate to share 4 1/2 on corner of Durocher & Sherbrooke. Jan 1 to April 30 (can renew). Heated indoor pool, sauna, great view from 14th floor. Rent: \$150/month, all included. Louis or Mark 845-7787.

Jeune homme anglo-hispanophone cherche une jeune fille francophone pour partager un appartement 3 1/2. Je veux partager mon appartement — pas mon lit. \$100/mois coin St-Urbain et Millon. Piscine et sauna inclus. 288-1225.

350 — JOBS

EARN EXTRA MONEY — Sell Canada Savings Bonds. Call Tony Colitto, 392-7244.

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354 — TYPING SERVICES

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361 — ARTICLES FOR SALE

I sell ladies clothes directly from importation and manufacturers. Save money. Interesting prices. Call every day 4 pm to 9 pm. Saturday 9 am to 6 pm. Tel.: 488-6553.

For sale: FLUTE. Silver head closed hole Artley. Excellent condition. Phone 842-6062 after 7 pm.

Special prices for students: Vitamins, food supplements and personal care products at COST prices. Money back guarantee. Call Rick 871-1838.

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For sale: Ladies medium-heeled, black leather fall boots. Size 8 1/2. Worn once. A steal at \$25.00. Call 286-0291.

365 — WANTED TO BUY

I need a complete set of Second Hand GOALIE equipment in good condition and for sale at a reasonable price. Call Eddy at 286-0108 evenings.

372 — LOST AND FOUND

Anything lost??? Last call. We have articles from last winter. Please ask at the Students' Society Information Centre.

LOST: The book *Sex Equity in Education* by Jean Stockard et al. was lost somewhere on the McGill campus. The book has my name and student no. Inscribed in it (Lorne Tobin 7811899). If found please contact me at 744-1390 or 744-0200.

Chinese short jacket was found in McConnell Engineering Complex room, Wednesday, Oct. 8, 1980. Call 392-4494.

A brown leather wallet was stolen in the Bronfman Library last Friday night between 5:15 and 5:45 pm. I'd like to have the cards back please. Leave it to any security porter.

374 — PERSONAL

Hey Christians!! Are you and Kate coming to the D.U.'s "Ladies Drink free all night" party this Friday, October 17th at 9:00 pm at 522 Pine West??? It'll be better than last year's Toga party! Remember that one?? Love, Captain Phantom.

Tim — Met you at Dr. Frankl's speech. How about a squash game? Jen. 931-3763.

Victor Tasca — Letter waiting for you at Sadie's at Union Building.

This week's Quota for the Euthanasia Unit will be filled by the members of the Gardner Judicial Committee and the Board of Appeal. The unit also wishes to announce the introduction of our "Do-it-yourself" kits. Direct from Guyana, these kits come in flavours of orange, red and purple. Available from any respectable mortician they sell for the low, low price of \$99.95. Due to the nature of this product, affidavits from satisfied customers are unavailable.

385 — NOTICES

STOP! READ THIS! Need something to decorate or "dress up" those naked walls? Don't have much money? We have what you need. Very good quality ART posters at humble, student prices. We also have frames, for something with a little more class. For more info or to make an appointment, call 932-6397 after 10 P.M. or on weekends.

Coming Soon: 7th ANNUAL MCGILL SKI SALE. Great bargains on all forms of Ski-Winter sports equipment.

Skilled writers wanted for screenplay. Full time or part time. Contact 933-7851.

Comedy Club. Despite the stab in the back, we are still trying to form this club. Our aim is to eventually bring movies, comedy shows, well known comedians, etc. to McGill. However if no one is interested this idea will die. If you like this idea, let us know. Phone Vic at 842-5604 after 5:00 pm.

Run, Jog, Walk, whatever you choose. Have your completed 10 km Road Race Open House race forms returned to Sadie's by Oct. 17th. Proceeds go towards fighting respiratory disease Meakins-Christie Labs. Don't delay, hurry and do it today, the race route is around campus and downtown Montreal!

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Open Forum

THE DISSIDENT MOVEMENT IN POLAND

Speaker: **Tadeusz Walendowski**,
member of KOR
(Committee of the Defence of Polish Workers)

Oct. 16 8:00 PM
Education Bldg.,
3700 McTavish, Rm 129

Co-sponsored by the Polish
Students' Association and the
Committee for the Defence of
Political Prisoners in Eastern
Europe at McGill.



Liberal McGill GENERAL MEETING TODAY UNION B01 5:00 PM

Included on the agenda...

"Unilateral Action on the Constitution:
The Federal or Provincial Perspective
for Liberal McGill?"



The McGill Film Society Presents

Wednesday, October 15th:

"HIGH NOON"

7:00 & 9:30 pm \$1.00 Leacock 132

Thursday, October 16th:

"THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW"

8:00 pm \$1.00 Leacock 132

Friday, October 17th:

"NINOTCHKA"

7:00 & 9:30 pm \$1.25 Leacock 132



HILLEL

845-9171
3460 Stanley

All events take place at 3460 Stanley unless otherwise specified

Friday, October 17

6:00 PM Oneg Shabbat. Come join in for a relaxing evening, fine meal, songs and warm company. Services to begin at 6:00 PM. Discount card members: \$3.00; others: \$3.50. Please pay by Friday, the 17th at 2:00 PM.

Saturday, October 18

Doors open at 8:30 PM. FALASHA BENEFIT CONCERT. Noah Zacharin, Karen-Miller and Barbara Solomon in a coffee house benefit for Falasha Jewry, Black Jews of Ethiopia who are threatened by war, famine and extinction. Help save them by attending an evening that promises to be informative, touching and enjoyable.

NOTE: Delicious lunches served daily at very reasonable prices. Friday's specialty: Authentic Israeli Falafels... Try them, you'll love them! Come in and meet Nathan.

The Audience is the Message

Erika Rosenfeld

Nearly every night since it opened at the Berri Cinema on September 26, Alain Resnais' most recent film, *Mon oncle d'Amerique*, has played to capacity audiences. The reasons for the film's apparent success are not entirely obvious. It did win the 1980 Special Critics Award at Cannes and that, in itself, would account for a lot of public curiosity. Also, as réalisateur of such interesting films as *Providence* and *Last Year at Marienbad*, Alain Resnais has attracted a modest following among the avant garde and has earned a reputation as an innovator of the French cinema.

Nevertheless, the night I saw *Mon oncle d'Amerique* the audience reaction was audibly dissenting. I got the impression that many people had come expecting to see "art" in the same way that crowds had flocked to see Picasso in New York or the Tut exhibition in Toronto last fall — to be trendy. Attending was a chore. You endured it. Soon it would be over and when the name of the film was casually dropped at a dinner party, you could smile knowingly at the company and say, "Ah Resnais, a genius!" or "Yes, a masterpiece!", while others marvelled at your omniscience. That accounted for part of the attendance.

Still others had come expecting to be entertained. The people I went with had it on the highest authority — from a guy named Alonzo — that the film was wonderful. It seemed that no one in the party had actually met Alonzo, but by the end of the evening he had certainly made a few enemies. I never found out who Alonzo was but got the impression that he was more

than one person or that he had a lot of schlep in the city because at least half of the audience seemed to think that the film was going to be very good (whatever that means). They had obviously had no idea of what to expect because, less than twenty minutes after the film began, anticipation had turned to disappointment. As the movie wore tediously on, the audience became increasingly impatient.

About three quarters of the way into the film, when the dissenting murmurs of the audience had long been relegated to some remote space in my head, I began to appreciate the obscure mélange of imagery and narration comprised the film. It suddenly struck me as ironic that a quasi-documentary about human behavior should lend itself so inconspicuously to an awareness of precisely that phenomenon — the behaviour of the audience. For once, McLuhan medium/message made sense. The screen had become a mirror and the audience was the message.

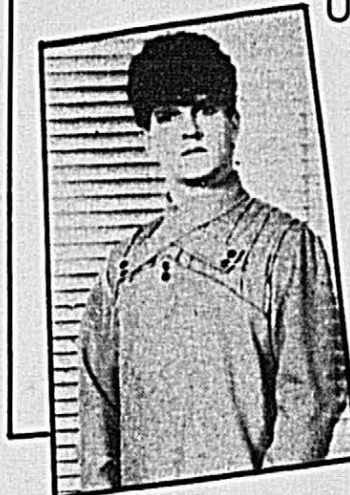
It was only a brief moment of insight; and ephemeral — as brief moments so often are — but it left me with a feeling of having almost understood something ineffable.

In the last moments of the film, while the camera made mincemeat out of a pristine garden mural on a brick apartment wall, the narrator attempted an eloquent, final appeal to man's intelligence — the one force capable of saving humankind from otherwise certain self-destruction. The message was commonplace; the delivery, striking. It was, however, not striking enough. The audience had begun to file out of the theatre.



Let Split Enz add to your punk cut frizzies

Union Ballroom, Thursday October 16th \$5.50



Eating Your Veggies

Pat Rimok

The St. Louis Cooperative, situated on Marie-Anne East, a block away from the Mount Royal Metro, has been in existence now for eight years. It was at first the generous donation of a small group of vegetarians which led to the formation of this health food co-op.

Today, it is a well organized, structured and self-sufficient cooperative which is made up of nine essential committees (supply, finance, advertisement, inventory, etc.) led by various coordinators. Each member belongs to a committee and works there at

least three times before switchin to another. This is done to deepen the awareness of each member in the various divisions of the co-op.

Most of the food that the co-op sells is organic. It includes an assortment of grains and cereals, honey, cheese, dried fruits, and vegetables. These natural foods are bought wholesale from La Balance, which is a warehouse that supplies most other co-ops in the city. The cost of these foods to non-members is 40% over the wholesale price, and 10% over the wholesale price for members.

"Participation is essential," says co-op member Denise Beauprés, "without it this co-op wouldn't survive." To ensure the survival of the co-op, an initial \$5 membership fee is required plus \$4 per month. Another \$25 is requested to cover the costs of various social activities which take place; it is refundable upon termination of membership.

La Becquée, located three blocks away, is a vegetarian restaurant financed by the co-op. It offers for \$3.25 a variety of homemade vegetarian dishes and desserts that are served in an informal atmosphere.

Open Meeting of Students' Society

Wednesday, October 15
at 12:00 PM, Room 310
University Centre



Students' Council Meeting

Wednesday, October 15
at 5:30 PM, Room 107-108
University Centre

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Côte des Neiges

Guy St.

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Of Yentas

Linda Ramage

It is now possible in Montréal to send a singing telegram via two exotic messengers (a bird and a gorilla singing, say, Happy Birthday at 7:00 am at the foot of your bed) rent a belly dancer for your plebian delights, fill a room with wall to wall balloons, or take you're loved one on a Fantasy Island-type dream dates, and have a pie thrown in his or her face.

The person responsible for these novelties is Helen Van Der Pyl. This Venezuelan-born dance teacher arrived in Montreal last January with one dream and a million ideas.

"I'd heard of a group of women in California who'd started a company which specialized in singing telegrams. It began as a joke but they ended up making a fortune! It sounded crazy and fun so I decided to give it a try," explains Van Der Pyl. In January, she initiated *C'est à Ton Tour*.

At the moment *C'est à Ton*

Tour consists of three enterprising people: president Van Der Pyl, who dons the bird costume; McGill graduate of music, Georges Nicholson, as the Gorilla (Nicholson occupies the remainder of his time by teaching music, and singing professional tenor with various Montreal choirs); and a financial backer.

"We do all kinds of things, but my favorite has to be the telegrams. Not only do the recipients get a real kick out of it, (sometimes literally) but so does everyone in the vicinity. We've delivered them in homes, offices, and the other night we sent one to the Catsura restaurant," said Van Der Pyl. "One fellow even had Mlle. Mirabelle (the bird) go over to his girlfriend's house to sing 'their song' after a fight. They soon reconciled."

The most innovative services *C'est à Ton Tour* offers however is their Dream Date. Call, let them know what you're fantasy is, and they'll do the rest.

"One man wanted to have

dinner with his girl friend in the purity of a Garden of Eden. So we rented a green house and got one of the best catering services in Montreal to serve them a six course dinner amidst the greenery".

"Another time we served a couple dinner in a caleche riding through old Montreal. It was crazy. The caterer followed behind in his car and served the different courses at stop lights."

Theme parties are also a specialty at *C'est à Ton Tour*. Their latest one, on a Middle Eastern theme, gathered caterers, local cuisine, belly dancers and various other miscellaneous suitable trappings.

One of the benefits of *C'est à Ton Tour* being such a new organization is that there are no established ground rules. Anything of any sort, can be suggested, and they try to make the impossible possible. Anything that is, as long as its "kind and legal", as Van Der Pyl puts it.

The expense of your dream date or singing telegram, of course, depends upon the limits of both you're imagination and your wallet. Thirty five dollars buys you one singing bird and forty-five, a bird gorilla duet. The cost notwithstanding, however, there is one good thing about giving singing telegrams: you can be pretty well assured that the recipient doesn't already have one.



and Balloons

Rona Unrau

Before going out to buy yet another dull flower arrangement for your heart-throb, mother, or family dog, consider a dozen helium balloons. That's what Jane & Graham Lorimer would like everyone to do. They operate *Bouquet de Balloons*, a phone-in service similar to florist shops, but with a twist: they arrange balloons instead of plants.

Since Father's Day of this year *Bouquet de Balloons* has been growing slowly and steadily, but not enough to become a full-time occupation for the couple.

And where did such a wildly novel idea come from? Apparently, it is not so bizarre.

Across the United States, balloon shops have spread like wildfire over the past two years. *Time* had a spread on them last month and TV news cameras have picked up on the craze. The originator, a woman from Boston, actually has a chain McDonald's-like across the States which is rumoured to be in fierce competition with FTD. Throughout California, they have become so popular that a specialty hate shop has been set up in Los Angeles where only black balloons with nasty messages are sent out.

Jane and Graham however have not yet specialized to such a high degree. Their balloons come in a variety of bright colours (14 in all) in-

cluding silver, purple, brown) and patterns soon to feature multi-coloured stripes and polka dots. Customers may choose the "Rainbow" bouquet or any other combination of colours (with Halloween coming, orange & black is expected to be a likely choice). Then the balloons are tied, not with traditional string, but with a shiny ribbon to complement their vivid colours.

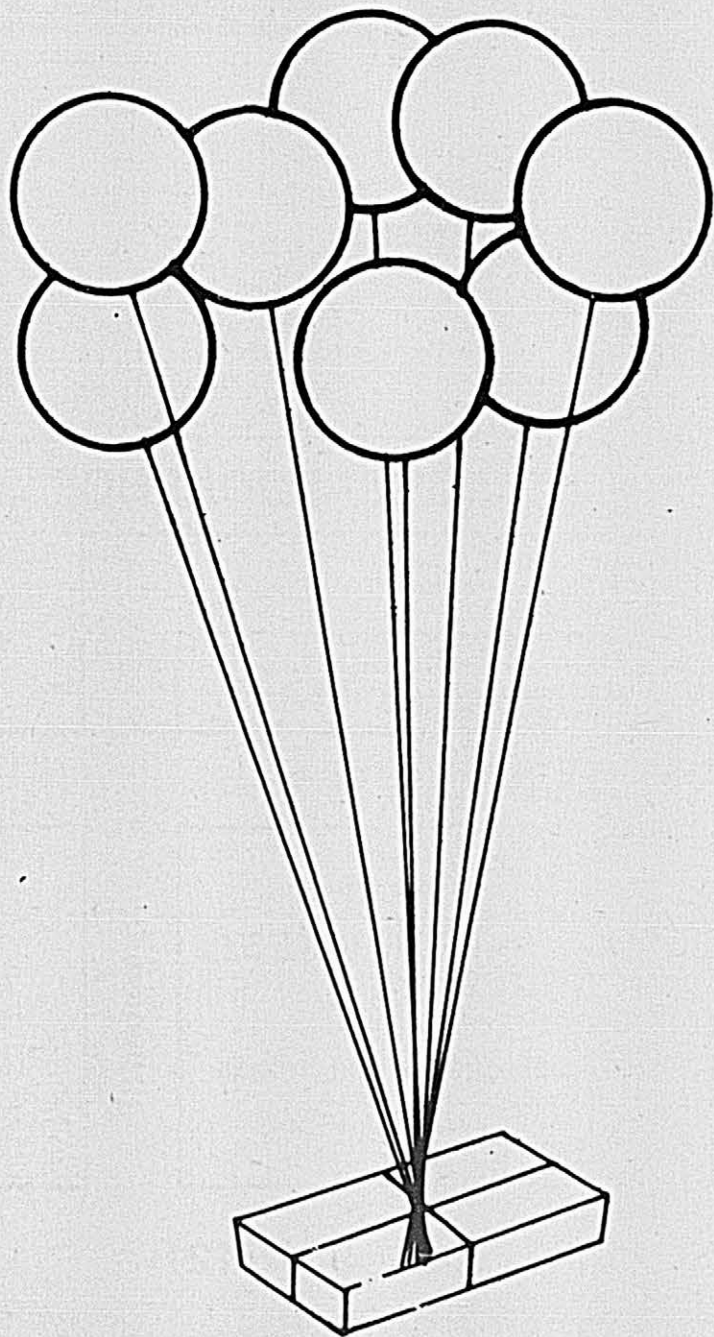
Yet why pay \$18 for a dozen balloons that lose their buoyancy after half a day or so? The cost stems from the price of the high-quality balloons (no, all balloons are not the same), and from the extra touches that go along with delivery. About a month ago, Jane and Graham sensed that people were wanting more than a balloon drop-off service, so they decided to be a bit theatrical. Now, they wear tuxedos when "ballooning" someone and read the message out loud before presenting the bouquet. Graham succeeded in halting all production at IBM's busy downtown office last week by walking in with some balloons for a surprised worker. He

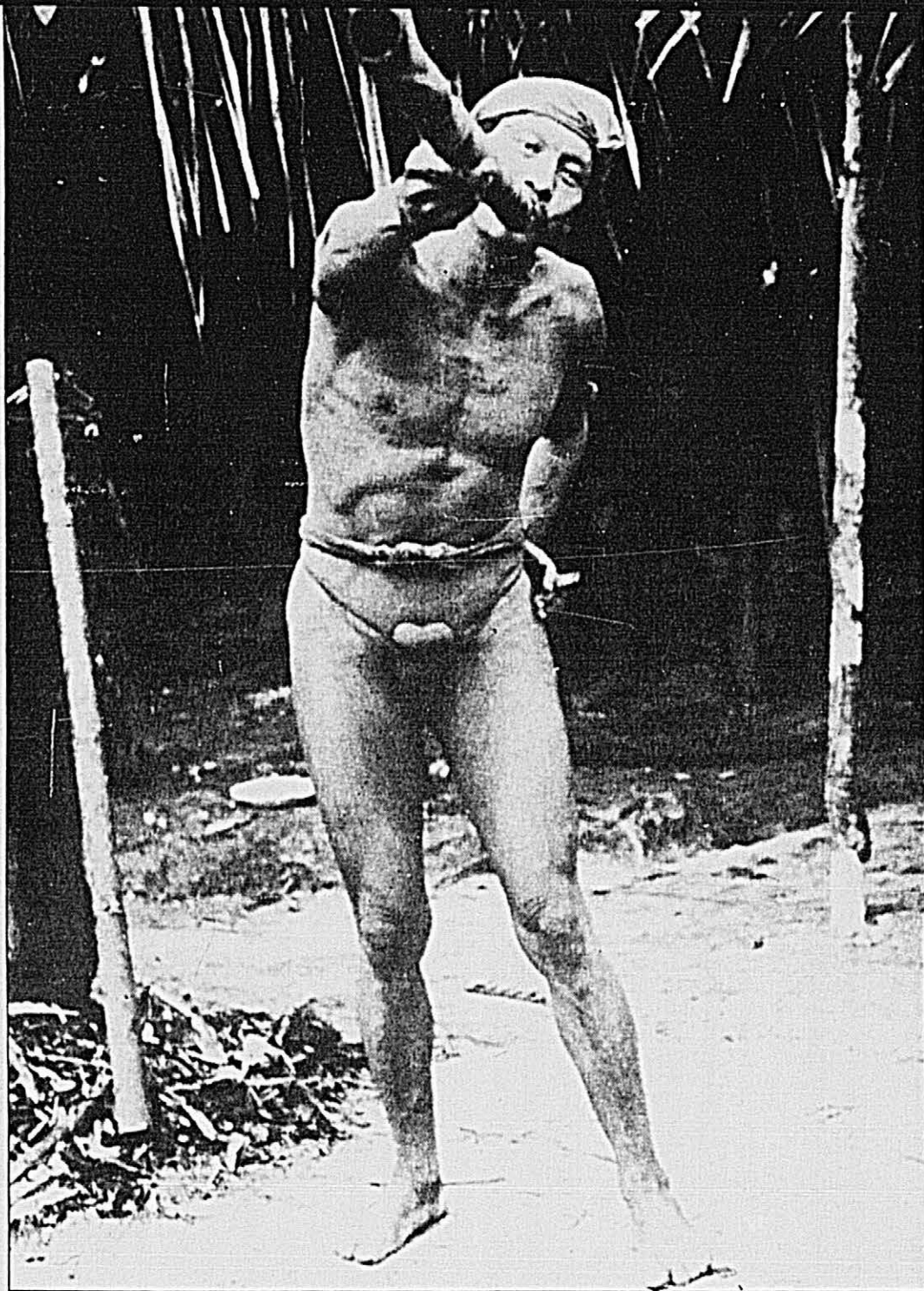
plans on adding still more dramatism to delivery by hiring a person to sing the messages and another to play an accompanying instrument.

The Lorimers are evidently much in love with their work. Neither of them had any business experience and are learning as they go along. Jane calls it an "up" job because it involves making someone else happy. While some people appear embarrassed, no one has yet reacted negatively and the majority accept the bouquets with smiles and laughter. The embarrassment of some is perhaps natural, for balloons have been delivered to downtown offices during working hours and to various bars, eating places, hospitals, and black-tie affairs.

One of the more unusual assignments involved bestowing a bouquet on an unfortunate couple in the midst of a secret love affair. The message, sent by friends who had discovered their rendezvous and read aloud in a quiet out-of-the-way restaurant, asked, "Is this discreet enough?" Another

continued on page 9





Auca Antics

Robert Connath

We had been warned previous to departure that if the meter long worms and torrential downpours didn't totally obliterate us, the ayahuasca would.

We surpassed both the worms and the rains. The ayahuasca was not so easily tackled. It in fact warped our entire sense of reality for some time to come.

One Saturday morning, the four of us sat huddled together under an umbrella of very porous bamboo. We awaited our guides, Bolivar a very heroic and demonic Metis, and El Carto, an Auca Indian with holes in his ears and a toothless grin.

The town was Missahualli, a jungle stronghold nestled in the Oriente, Ecuador's Amazon rain forest.

The trek thus far had been relatively easy. Several days of hitchhiking and dilapidated

buses had gotten us from Quito to the banks of the Rio Napo, a tributary to the Amazon.

But the real endeavour began on foot. Three days of gruelling trudge through onslaughts of mosquitoes, red ants, shoulder deep rivers and constipation eventually led us into the clutches of Oche Coche, a near stone age village.

The Auca Indians are one of the last remaining savage tribes of the Amazon jungle. The government of Ecuador none too recently signed a truce with them, hopefully preventing such incidents as the 1969 killing of a Christian missionary (though I am inclined to think that they did the appropriate thing in pelting his body with 66 poison darts and then setting it to drift amongst a school of piranhas).

I could not have envisioned

a more docile tribe. Their benevolence during our week long stay was reminiscent of a previous bout with psycocillin mushrooms. They gave us pure ecstasy.

Integration with the community of 65 was rapidly accomplished. Though we could not utter but two or three words of their exotic tongue, communication was drawn out and smooth. We grunted, groaned and whistled while making gestures with our hands.

They lived entirely off the efforts of their blow pipes, fishing and the cultivation of bananas and yuca, a starchy root. I soon gained proficiency with the poison darts though could not bring myself to pinpoint the adorable monkeys they so relished. Monkey, once charcoaled, is in fact a delectable meat.

The village, a conglomeration of bamboo shacks built on stilts, formed a cosmos. Each and every member belonged to the whole, and no sense of ego or personal belonging existed.

Their deep entrenchment in the soil was all the more accentuated by regular communion with the forces of nature. They attained this realm of awareness through ayahuasca.

Ayahuasca is the product of a certain tree found in the jungle. The bark is stripped off and after a lengthy cooking and simmering process, is eaten. The queen of the village, who was incessantly being followed by her pet boa

Into the Heart of Darknes

Robert

The train started. Peru is a rough notorious for its of *gaminos*, so arrived there at 4:00 to assure on the second Machu Picchu was dimly lit the scuffling unsuccessful pursued by he clutched my tighter and corner to huddle other second passengers, a

At 5:00 the seats began. prevailed and others in a mirror secure a seat ladies, clad as forefathers the once were, ro aisle with gle of *chicha*, the alcohol that the tables of chieftans, past to hand. I jug

constrictor, proposed that we partake in the ritual.

Our Metis guide suggested jokingly that this was the only way they could get color T.V. out here. It indeed enhanced the vivid colors of the jungle. The earth exhaled with each of our breaths. The mist opened up the expanses of our mind.

All of the inhabitants suddenly blended into one sole being. I picked up a branch and began threatening the moon with it. The tribe followed suit. A cloud slipped over the moon. It appeared that we now controlled the whole of nature. Birds and Beasts alike beckoned to our chants.

The next few days opened up all sorts of bartering possibilities. We scraped together shiny bits of metal, knives, a pair of mirror sunglasses and a beat-up harmonica. In exchange we received several hand woven hammocks. These later served as inexpensive beds for the rest of our travels, though sleeping, let alone making love in a hammock, is an art difficult to master.

Our departure was a moment of deep regret. Witty, affectionate El Carto, who had once tried to eat my plastic poncho, trailed us back to Missahualli.

South American civilization, though nothing in comparison to the Occident, overwhelmed us for quite a while. Twentieth century reality was hard to face, for a different sort of reality was still deeply rooted within us. Ayahuasca's reality.

Machu Picchu

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train swung around a spine chilling curve, and reveled in its significance as I felt the bitterness glow inside me. We were all half drunk when the train rolled to its first halt.

Few people are aware of the grandeur, of the influence or the debts that we owe to this once great people, the Incas. They gave us the white potato, many varieties of corn, architectural genius, and cocaine. Little unfortunately is known of their existence. At the end of the 16th century the Spanish had so adulterated their great culture that few threads of the original "Inca enlightenment" remain today. Spanish conquistadores managed to ferret out most of the Inca outposts, but for hundreds of years following the invasion, rumours circulated about a hidden Inca stronghold: the lost city of "Villa Campa," the royal sanctuary of the last great Indian ruler. It was not until 1911, that a history professor, Hirman Bingham, stumbled upon the ruins of the eighth wonder of the world, Machu Picchu.

The train from Cuzco to the ruins of Machu Picchu runs through the "sacred valley of the Incas." For those who have been enticed by the beauty of these magnificently clad and spiritually dominant

people, for those who quest a "sense of the earth, moon and sun" so alien to our fast degenerating Western society, there lies a small village in the valley called Monypata. It is here that I spent a month working and breathing with the Peruvian Indians. It is here that I would later put everything into perspective. But my first stop remained Machu Picchu, it being truly the essence, the embodiment of the whole Inca society.

The train trip out, one of the most spectacular stretches of track in the world, takes one from the towering confines of the Andes to the near suffocating heat of the lush semi-tropical jungles. One glance at the ferocious jowls of the Urubamba river which runs the entire length of the valley, and a heart throbbing awe is inspired for these Indians who forged the entire path on foot. So well hidden was the locality for their hideout that no Spanish conquistador ever reached his destination alive.

Machu Picchu's most profound moments are experienced very early in the morning. We greeted the gates of this fairy land while it was still enshrouded by mist and low-lying fog. We were alone amongst the cries and shrieks of a once proud people. I glanced over to the Pichus (the Indian word for mountain): two sleek breasts interrupted by darting clouds, and at the green, green terraces that lie at their womb. The city of a whole cosmos, an entire history, beginning, middle and end is written, published, edited, opened and closed here. The town is complete, compact, vivacious.

We moved on to the wayrona, sacred place of rest. Its architecture is incredible. But the view it gives is more magnificent than anything I have ever laid eyes upon. The acute Andean peaks, still laden with snow cut up the blue, blue sky into tiny bits of shiny glass. One need just sit on the smooth rock benches, chew a mouthful of the sacred coca leaves (from which cocaine is derived) and glide into a trance. It is utterly timeless.

continued on page 9



Notes on a Cockfight

Robert Connath

On the northern outskirts of Otavalo, a dusty road leads off the Pan-American highway up towards a scattered Indian population in the hills. A march of 300 meters brings one to the cockfighting arena.

The building is washed in a dirty white, the cement bricks show through. Inside layers of grime from last week's fight coat the red brick ring. A small *pappa frites* (french fries) and porc kitchen embedded in smoke lies to the left of the entrance. One wobbling table serves as counter space.

At about 2:30, the old men from the village meander in and collect near the stands to rabble on about last week's events, or the prospects of this week's prize cocks. Local kids from the hills with smoothly greased back hair listen to the old sages with intent. They are all Spainards.

In the background the first yells are cackled from awaiting cocks. They hover in small red wooden cages. Peeling white numbers indicate who's who. Warm beer is served from the kitchen. A few big deals stride in with finely plumed cocks. They are thrust into their awaiting cages and the heated discussion continues. They light up cigarettes of harsh brown tobacco. The odours mix with those from the kitchen.

The clock nears 3:00. A gentleman with well parted hair enters. The ring master. The men suddenly adjourn to the ring seats and several cocks are brought out for the fine process of weighing. A lively argument breaks out when one is found to exceed the designated weight. "Cut his damn head off, then he'll be legal!" cracks one geezer. He is greeted with much laughter. With the thrust of a wand, six or seven more

vivacious cocks are leashed up and taken down to the ring floor. Scrubby moustaches make detailed commentaries on each entry. Several are set nose to nose to find out if their hatred for each other is profound enough to engage in full-fledged battle. Two are chosen.

The owner of the maroon colored one unravels a roll of yellow tape and stretches it around his *carrisima's* right leg. He seeks counsel from his rooting legion of haggard Spainards.

Excitement whells and each man thrusts his elbows over the wooden rail for a better view. The opponent spits a jolly wad of mucus on the shrunken face of his cock. The bell is tolled and both beasts are thrown into the middle of the ring. They show immediate dislike for each other. They hop and fan and peck at each others belly. Fists fly upwards with encouragement from the crowd. Bets are placed around and across the ring. Laughter spurts up from several weathered pappys as the foot taped cock draws blood from his adversary. He pins him to the floor and thrusts another jab towards his opponent's heart. Cheers rise. A gesticulating last splurge from the losing cock leads to no avail. He winces and drops. Blood spills from his neck and stomach. The loosing owner forcefully grabs his cock and mounts the steps of the arena. He grabs the broken neck of his ex-prize fighter and drains its blood into a basin. A cluster of kids gathers around to eat up the gore. The looser wrings out the remaining blood and stamps off to his empty cage. Bets are paid up and new cocks are tested for their fighting willingness. A renewed sense of excitement fills the hot afternoon air.

Springsteen's River Flows

Howard Druckman

Well, it's been two long years but Bruce Springsteen's new double album, *The River*, has finally been released, and what an album it is: powerful, honest, alternately painful and joyful, showing a remarkable growth of Springsteen's songwriting talents. With this new release, "The Boss" constantly denies the ethos of the tough, cool loner to reveal his romanticism in the face of a cruel world. If that sounds like a cliché, then he is one of the few performers of such total, naked honesty that he accepts the truth behind it, and the vulnerability that this acceptance brings. More importantly, Springsteen has grown from writing exclusively about the lost dreams of "desperate lovers" to become a songwriter of epic vision, creating anthems of sweeping scope that define and reflect the American Condition, the American Experience, while still retaining an almost palpable description of the character and emotion of the people trapped in it. The album is also lengthy enough that Springsteen can show a gritty, street-wise sense of humor, a side of him rarely revealed. He writes, both comically and tragically, about cars, women, streets, true love, and social injustice, often in the same verse of any given song, and he does so to an overwhelming backdrop of loud, strong, sixties-based rock and roll, with the richest, fullest production since Phil Spector's heyday.

Musically, the album is reminiscent of *Born to Run* and *Darkness on the Edge of Town*, but Springsteen uses new elements that lend a sense of freshness to the sound, elements stolen unashamedly from various sixties-based styles of rock and roll: the guitar on "The Ties That Bind" sounds exactly like the Byrds, the sound of "Hungry Heart" suggests Phil Spector's production, while "Crush On You" comes off as a piece of Stonestyle raunch; "Cadillac Ranch" sounds like an old Sun Records rockabilly tune, and "You Can Look (But You Better Not Touch)" recalls Buddy Holly, perhaps via Elvis Costello. Like Costello, Springsteen updates the music of the sixties, first by writing lyrics that suit the generation of the late 70's and 80's, and second, by playing with a reckless, lusty enthusiasm that revitalizes the classic rock and roll genres, raising 60's music from the level of accompaniment or style to a form of meaningful expression. The musical enthusiasm that makes this possible comes from his band as well: Clarence "The Big Man" Clemons is unarguably the greatest rock and roll sax player since King Curtis; Max Weinberg's forceful, direct drumming suggests that he's been listening to a lot of punk lately, and his demolition work

at the end of "Two Hearts" is superb; the organ and piano are clear and expressive throughout, a perfect counterpoint for Springsteen's throaty voice.

Make no mistake about it: first and foremost, this is a *Rock and Roll* album: From the 12-string explosion of "The Ties That Bind" to the frantic beat of "Two Hearts" to the rough, crude guitars in "Crush On You" to the barrelling speed of "You Can Look (But You'd Better Not Touch)" to the Bo Diddley beat of "I'm A Rocker" to the pounding, insistent bass lines on "Ramrod". Most of these songs are informed by a hearty sense of humor, something Springsteen hasn't previously shown much of. In "You Can Look" the singer comes home from work to find an untouchable beauty jiggling across his TV set, but she just "makes (him) feel mean". In the latin-flavored "Sherry Darling", the singer has to put up with his girlfriend's nagging mother, to the great amusement of the band, who are jeering and taunting in the background. In "I'm A Rocker," the singer compares himself favorably to Kojak, Columbo, and James Bond in his attempts to rescue his girl from "Impending heartbreak". "Ramrod" reminds one of the double meaning of that verb (as applied to cars and couples), and "Cadillac Ranch" is a simple tribute to a gleaming American pleasure machine. The energy expoding from this record could supply heat, light, electricity, and fuel for North America well into the 21st century.

What makes this energy so unique is that it is applied with an overwhelming sense of faith, belief, and commitment. In "The Ties That Bind", Springsteen admonishes a lady friend who's grown cold and cynical, deflating her "Tough Loner" posture and warning her that sooner or later, she must face up to her need for love, despite the vulnerability that it entails:

*I would rather feel the hurt inside
Than know the emptiness your heart must hide...*

*You packed your bags and alone you wanna ride
You don't want nothin', don't need no one by your side*

*You're walkin' tough, Baby, but you're walking blind
In "Two Hearts", Springsteen again denies the ethos of cool detachment and holds out hope for a romantic vision:*

*Once I spent my time playing tough guy scenes
But I was living in a world of childish dreams*

*Someday these childish dreams must end
To become a man and grow up to dream again*

In "I Wanna Marry You", Springsteen's character says "I wear my love...without shame", but he wears it without illustration as well:

To say I'll make your dreams come true would be wrong

But maybe, darlin', I could help them along

In "Hungry Heart", apparently a piece of light, well-crafted pop music, the husband who deserted his wife and kids is returning to home because "ain't nobody like to be alone". Even in a simple rocker like "Ramrod", the song ends with the couple going down to the chapel so they can "ramrod" together forevermore. The entire album is infused with a clear, honest vision that sees well beyond the self-protective cynicism of an entire generation to expose the underlying dreams and fears within.

While Springsteen's sincerity is nothing new, his songwriting talent has shown tremendous growth. Taking inspiration from working-class American corners, he then distills and refines his ideas, filtering them through his uniquely personal creative imagination to produce songs that stand as encapsulations of the American Experience, the American Condition. "Independence Day", explores the classic father-son relationship through his personal example, in ways that "Adam Raised a Cain" didn't even touch. While the song is about the singer's independence from the "darkness" of his father's house, it is also about his departure from the "darkness" of the town they live in, the "darkness" of an American Dream gone wrong. The singer vows that he won't allow his spirit to be crushed the way his father's was. Ironically, on "Independence Day", the anniversary of the founding of the American Dream, "people

are leaving town" because "different people" who "see things in different ways" are coming, and "soon everything we've known will be swept away". As the son is leaving a dying dream of a town to chase the living dreams that his father can't articulate, the town is being overrun by money-hungry strangers. In "The Price You Pay", Springsteen writes of the founders of the American Dream, how

*They reached out for the open skies
And in one last breath built the roads they'd ride to their death*

*Now they'd come so far and waited so long
Just to end up caught in a dream where everything goes wrong*

*Where the dark of night holds back the light of day
And you've gotta stand and fight for the price you pay*

In the following verse, he compares this to the Old Testament story of the chosen people who could not enter the chosen land after having crossed the desert. The sense of an unfulfilled promise haunts the song, and the despair and disappointment of an entire people "caught in a dream" are made very strong and very real. But "The River" is the strongest of these new songs, and is quite possibly the greatest song Springsteen has ever written. If "Thunder Road" was about the powerful, exuberant adolescent love that encouraged our hero to rescue

"Mary" from that "town full of losers", then "The River" describes what happens to the couple as they drift from the

river of youth, life, and their dreams to become two more losers. Springsteen describes the death of the spirit of America through the eyes of an unemployed construction worker who can't forget the spirit of his youthful dreams. He "got Mary pregnant" and for his "19th birthday, (he) got a union card and a wedding coat", but he and "Mary" went "down to the river" for rejuvenation, rebirth. In the present, though,

*All the things that seemed so important
They vanished right into the air*

*Now I just act like I don't remember
Mary acts like she don't care...*

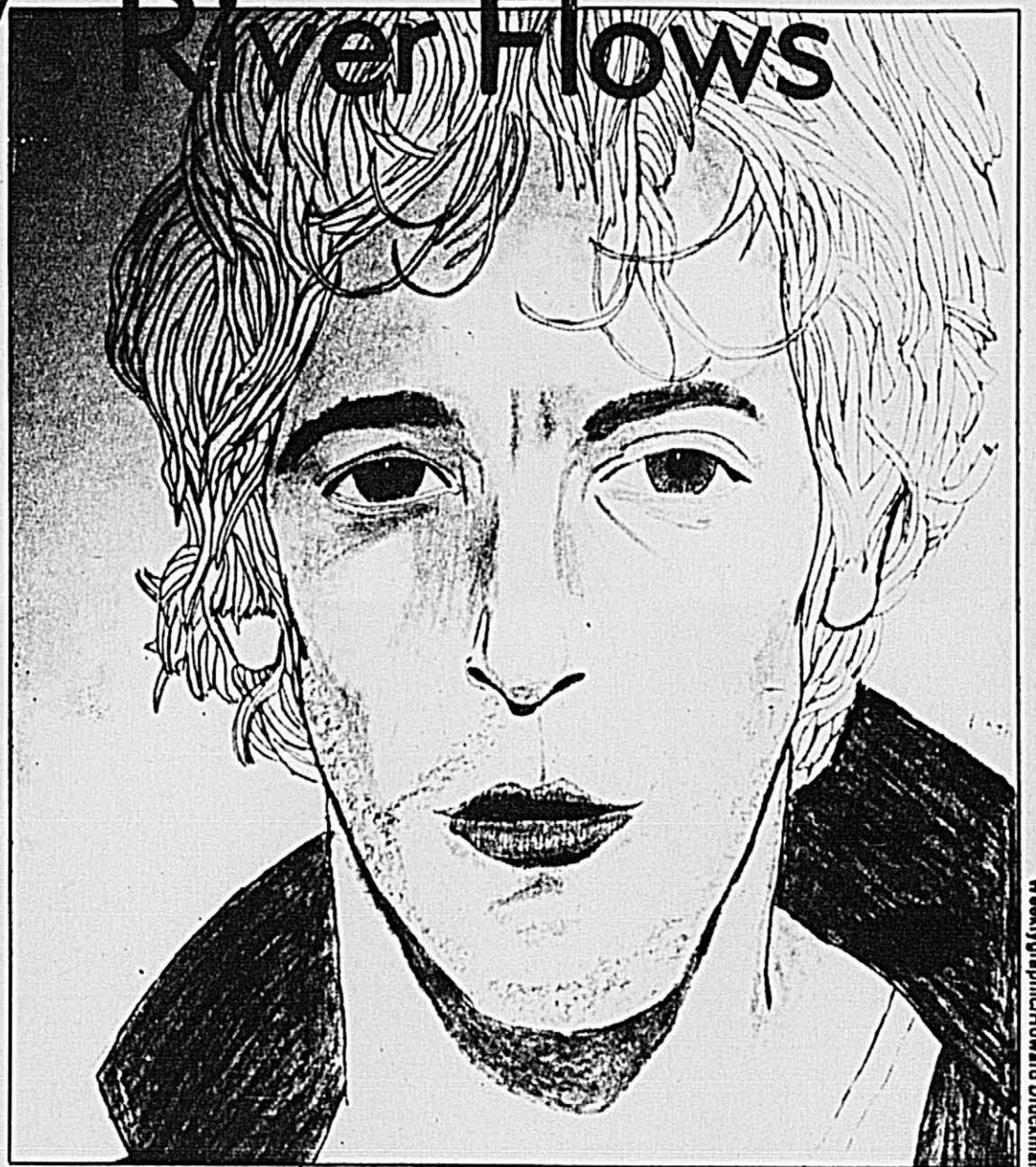
*But these memories come back to haunt me
They haunt me like a curse*

Is a dream a lie if it don't come true

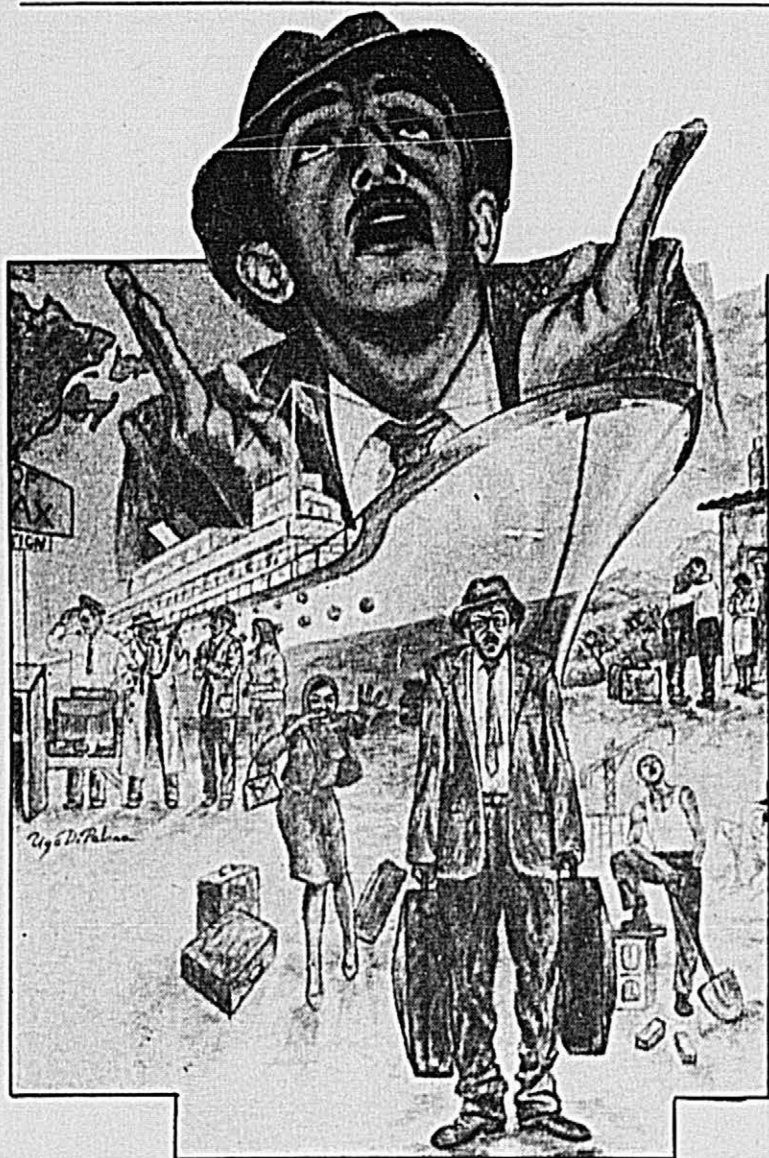
Or is it something worse?

The singer returns to the river, only to find that it has run dry. While these songs tend to deal with life from a working-class aesthetic, the subject matter of dreams and goals (both lost and waiting to be found), the need for love, and of course, the cars and women in the flat-out rock and roll songs transcend social/political boundaries.

Not only that, but they make the lot of the working class that much more real to college students and other people. In 1974, Jon Landau wrote "I have seen the future of rock and roll and his name is Bruce Springsteen." With the release of "The River", the promise of that future has been more than fulfilled.



WeeklyGraphic/Howard Druckman



Immigrant Echo

Suzan Pietracupa

Me chi me l'ha fatte fà! is the incessant echo in the story of the Italian immigrant; a story no immigrant would relive; a story no immigrant descendant will ever live.

La Storia Dell'Emigrante — written by Tony Nardi, directed by Vince Ierfino, and produced under the auspices of the newly founded *Fondo per Giovani Attori Italo-Canadese* — is a play written by an Italian, for Italians, in Italian. The once painful experiences are made bearable, couched in comic situations and language — comic because they're so true to life.

The play covers a few decades, tracing a native Calabrese, Peppe Bellino, from his homeland to his

tribulations in Canada. Each scene deals with a specific period, a specific theme, interspersed with original Calabrese songs.

It was a tight performance, with the outstanding performer being Tony Nardi playing Peppe Bellino. He was energetic, credible, and professional; the audience adored him.

This is a play for anyone in whose veins flow immigrant blood, or love for theatre. Language is no barrier to the enjoyment of this play.

The play will be running for the whole month of October, every Saturday night and Sunday afternoon at the Georges Vanier Auditorium, 1205 Jarry East, telephone 279-4536.

Today

German Students' Association
Special Kaffeeklatsch today from 12:30 - 2 p.m. A display and information session about spending the summer in Germany will be held during today's Kaffeeklatsch. Drop in for Kaffee & Kuchen, and also discover the possibilities for work and study programs, and summer scholarships for 1981. All students taking a German course are invited to join us in the German Lounge: Bronfman Bldg. — 6th floor.

History Staff/Student Seminar
Richard Hamilton, Professor of Sociology in McGill University will speak on "Who Voted for Hitler? Some New Findings". 4 p.m., Leacock Building 632.

Political Science Students' Association
There will be a party today at 3:30 p.m. at 510 Pine, just across the street from Currie Gym. Everyone is welcome.

Today is last day for nominations for U1 Representative/Secretary. All nominations must be in L434 before 5:00 p.m.

Armenian Club members:
Refreshments will be served every Wednesday from 12:00 - 3:00 pm in Rm 406 of the Student Union Building — members only.

Histofest '80
Histofest '80 continues today with the presentation of two films, "Peasant Revolt" and "Karl Marx". In Leacock 15 at noon, free of charge.

Tuesday Night Café Theatre Workshop Series
Audition Workshop: first general organizational meeting Wed. Oct. 15. Morrice Hall 107. All welcome.

Get fit session
McGill Caribbean Students' Society present another session concentrating on the martial arts and has a black belt in kung fu and karate.

Camera Club
Beginner one-week evening classes in darkroom and camera techniques are being offered free of charge to all Club members. Non-members may also enroll. For more information and/or registration drop by our office (Rm B-06, Union Bldg) or call us at 392-8925.

McGill Ski Team
Training today at 5:15 pm, Molson Stadium. It is extremely important that all those interested in the training camp pay their \$40.00 deposit, the deadline is this Sunday! Please attend. For further information call Nassim 488-1983.

Anthropology Students Association
Meeting today at 4:30 in Leacock 738.

Skill development workshop
"Taking tests successfully" will be held in the education building. 3700 McTavish, rm. 341 from 4 to 5 p.m.

Community McGill
If you want to work with prisoners, the John Howard Society will have a lifelines program forming this Oct. to Dec. For more info call Barbara at 392-4222 or 392-4250 or drop by our office rm 406 (union) from 12-2 pm.

The Women's Union
Informal discussion and presentation by Eithne Guilfoyle on women in Ireland at 6:00 in the Women's Union, Union 423. All welcome.

Latin American Society
Meeting for preparation of exhibition and planning of party. Room B01 5pm. New members welcome and needed.

Balloons

continued from page 5
time, Graham was chased by a group of young children eager to snatch one of the balloons. One girl, who called up had a hard time in choosing which colour combination would be appropriate for her boyfriend until she remembered that he was colour blind. But by far the strangest order which they had heard of was from a Bostonian who wanted a bouquet of balloons for her stillborn baby's coffin.

People's reactions to the business are as varied as the messages which are sent out. Many simply cannot understand why anyone would want to buy or sell balloons seriously while others are immediately enthused with the idea. It depends on whether the person is able to sense the *esprit* of balloons; whether he romantically remembers the excitement of seeing the balloon man at the circus or zoo in childhood and how hypnotically irresistible those coloured free-floating gloves were. Or it may be someone

Manchu

continued from page 7

As the last rays of sunlight dipped into oblivion, and the starry night took its stance, we trudged to the top of the Machu Picchu peak. An hour's climb takes one to the temple of the moon. Its polished rock face may be the only place in the world to fully comprehend the meaning of relaxation. As I unrolled my sleeping bag I glanced upwards towards the full and shimmering moon.

with imagination and a desire to try something other than tradition.

Although delivery is the main concern, *Boutique de Balloons* also supplies balloons for parties and events wholesale. Recently, the *Gazette's* Veronica Redgrave ordered them for two fashion shows and reportedly found the effect stunning. Eventually, when the business becomes more profitable, the Lorimers hope to open up a bonifide boutique, selling balloons and unusual cards to match while continuing to deliver.

Ask to receive orders one day in advance but spontaneous orders are always welcome and are certainly part of their objective.

"Ballooning" is very interesting in terms of its prospective popularity. What will it reflect about society? Its plasticity or its warmth? A desire to return to childhood or boredom and rebellion from tradition? Fad or fashion?

Bouquet de Balloons
481-0976

The voice of Atahualpa, Inca demi-god and chieftan, called out to me and to the rest of this decaying world, and said "...all your morality, your gods and your Jesuses interest me not, for with the passing of time they shall all die. Yet the sun and the moon never die." The sun and moon are indeed the two most underrated elements of our society.

The Weekly basically requires:
Graphic artists of the imaginative kind
Writers of original horror and science fiction of the third kind (poetry and prose)

Yet another Weekly meeting Thursday at 5:00 for all those who consider themselves staffers.

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Louise Haberl
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Daily Sports

Redmen get Ravens down but don't kick, 18-12

by Bobby Katz

Thanksgiving Day weekend, what better time for a feast, right? Instead of Butterball turkey, the Redmen could feast on Raven meat, an activity which all the other members of the OQIFC indulge in regularly. Well, on Saturday afternoon it was hard to tell the feaster from the feastee as the Redmen lowered themselves to an 18-12 victory over the hapless and winless Carleton Ravens.

Role reversal is a common technique used by many psychologists to aid a patient in seeing things from another person's viewpoint. However,



Dennis Waide: Fumble recovery for touchdown.

the same technique has no meaningful aspect when applied to the game of football and the Redmen. McGill had Carleton basted and ready to broil, leading 17-2 as the second half opened. Somewhere along the way, the Redmen lost their appetite.

A happy yet somewhat disappointed Redmen head coach Charlie Baillie explained, "We played poorly in the second half. Mentally the team just wasn't in the game. We lowered ourselves to a level well below our potential and we just played well enough to win."

On the other hand, the Ravens played like a much improved team in the second half under the guidance of second string quarterback Steve Wagner. The Ravens gained a total of 176 yards in the second half, whereas the Redmen were hopping around like turkeys with their heads cut off for 107 yards total offence and only a single point in the final 30 minutes.

Offensively, the McGill second half can be described as the half that never was or how to make your defence stay on the field for almost 30 minutes and still come out the winning side. McGill's longest drive took them 31 yards and led to the lone Redmen point in the second half, a 43-yard single by punter Remy Kawkabani.

Meanwhile, even with the Redmen trying to sleep their way to victory, the Ravens did not roll over and play dead in the manner they were both accustomed to and supposed to. Carleton moved the ball almost at will as the injury-riddled and tiring Redmen defence was losing its hold on the Raven offence. Wagner threw 12 completions in 19 attempts for 103 yards and the Raven backfield mixed in 73 yards of rushing to aid the passing game's effectiveness.

The Redmen played like themselves in many ways in the first half. The defence forced turnovers, the offence generally capitalized on those turnovers and the Raven backfield was blanketed.

The most exciting play of the first half and of the entire game was defensive halfback Dennis Waide's 34 yard TD run on a fumble recovery that produced the first Redmen touchdown. Waide scooped up the loose ball on Gary Hindley's missed pitchout on an ill-planned quarterback option.

Waide said, "It was a great way to start off a game, but it was just a case of being in the right place at the right time. It boosted the morale of the team and it helped us get on the right track."

The Redmen defence forced three fumbles and two interceptions in the first half and it was defensive halfback Mike Doherty's interception at centerfield, which he ran back to the Carleton 31 yard line, that set up McGill's second and final major of the afternoon.

On the very next play quarterback Vic Pywowarczuk threw a 31 yard pass into the open arms of wide receiver Rick Biewald in the endzone. The convert was good and the Redmen were ahead 14-2 with 12 minutes left in the second quarter.

McGill also had a lovely 11 play, 62-yard drive in the second quarter. As so often happens, the Redmen were missing the finishing kick and the drive was halted at the Carleton three yard line with no score.

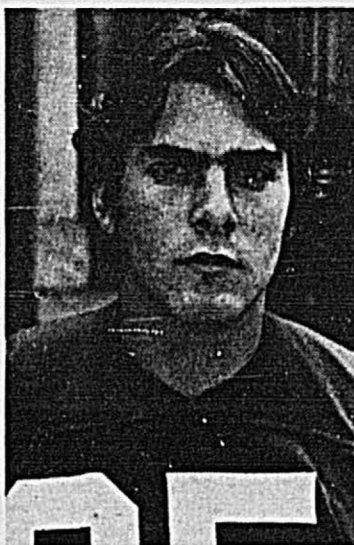
At halftime it was announced that the Redmen football team had donated \$400.00 to the Terry Fox "Marathon of Hope." This is quite a generous donation considering that the money was raised by the players in their spare time.

The Redmen now find themselves in a two-way tie for second place with the Bishop's Gaitsers, who also possess a record of three wins and two losses. Coach Baillie is far from satisfied and stated, "Our passing game stinks. We're going to work on it more. We've

got to throw effectively. Our running game is not bad, but it can still use some improvement."

There were many individuals who played key roles for both teams. Mike Doherty, one of the starting defensive halves, played an outstanding game. Not only did Doherty return an intercepted pass 25 yards but he also deflected a pass which eventually ended up in the grasp of Vince Colizza. Colizza also turned in an outstanding

continued on page 11



Alain Deschamps: Another Offensive MVP.

OQIFC Week 5

	GP	W	L	T	PF	PA	Pts
Ottawa	5	5	0	0	95	42	10
Bishop's	5	3	2	0	82	70	6
McGill Redmen	5	3	2	0	69	61	6
Queen's	5	2	3	0	82	86	4
Concordia	5	2	3	0	88	106	4
Carleton	5	0	5	0	39	81	0

Saturday's Results

McGill Redmen 18, Carleton 12

Ottawa 10, Queen's 9

Bishop's 30, Concordia 20

Redmen Summary

Carleton 12, at McGill 18

1st Quarter

McGill: Waide 36 run fumble recovery (Ashley PAT), 2:04

Car: Single Gallo 31, 8:10

Car: Single Gallo 26, 11:28

2nd Quarter

McGill: TD Biewald 31 pass from Pywowarczuk (Ashley PAT), 2:52

McGill: FG Ashley 15, 13:17

3rd Quarter

No scoring

4th Quarter

McGill: Single Kawkabani 43, 1:46

Car: TD Trachuk 4 run (Gallo PAT), 8:03

Car: FG Gallo 27, 14:18

Carleton

2 0 0 10- 12

McGill

7 10 0 1- 18

Grid injuries and fake grass

by de Guise Vaillancourt Jr.

At least one hour before the game, the players begin to suit up. Layers upon layers of pads are added to the human body and miles of tape are unravelled to secure everything into place. These men are getting ready for one of the world's most injurious sports, football.

As they bravely march onto the field, they all know that someone will inevitably get hurt. Injuries, minor or serious, have become a major preoccupation with the trainers, players and coaches alike.

Saturday's game which pitted the McGill Redmen against the Carleton Ravens, had many players painfully limping off the field holding a sore arm.

John Roberts, the Redmen trainer, pointed out that the other OQIFC teams aren't accustomed to playing on an artificial playing surface. "Our team is used to the harder ground which sometimes gives us a definite advantage," Roberts said.

The poor Carleton Ravens were hit with a barrage of injuries throughout the game. "One of our best two way players, Kevin Dalliday, had to

have three stitches above his eye which kept him from completing the game," remarked Carleton coach Brian Kealey.

Raven trainer Doug Boot was kept busy applying impromptu physiotherapy to the injured. There isn't a whole lot you can do during the game except trying to stretch, rub or massage the tender parts.

Over on the McGill side of the field, defensive halfback-linebacker Sam Colizza paced back and forth behind the Redmen bench. Unfortunately Colizza was sidelined with an injury to his calf muscle but he was determined to ignore the pain. "The doctor advised me not to play but last night I convinced him I was ready," Colizza said. "After all, we only have a few linebackers left." Eventually Sam did play but he was injured again. This time a Raven helmet was jammed in his back.

But what about the players who have to fill in for the injured? Where do they come from?

Raven coach Kealey said, "Most of them play other positions. We do sometimes bring players up but we only use them as reserves."

McGill's Tony Lawson is

versatile enough to play linebacker and his usual defensive end. "Well I played them both before and basically they are similar," Lawson said. "The main difference is that as a linebacker I have pass responsibilities." When asked which position he preferred, Lawson timidly grinned "my old one".

The injured Redmen linebackers could cause some trouble for McGill and its quest for a playoff victory. Luckily, the coaching staff has managed to plug most of the holes. Defensive coach Sonny Wolfe commented, "We started with Lawson at linebacker to fill in for Denis Tardiff. Lawson hasn't even had a chance to practice his new position."

At the end of the game many of the players shuffled off to the training room for ice packs, bandages and maybe a hot water bottle. The injuries were not too serious. They ranged from pulled muscles and cuts to bruised shoulders. John Roberts does his best to keep the players satisfied, calmly explaining exactly what went wrong and the necessary steps to get back on the road to recovery.

First aid materials are

continued on page 11

Redmen beat Ravens...

continued from page 10

performance for a defence that is so devastated by injuries and was forced to use a defensive lineman, Tony Lawson, at linebacker for most of the game even though Lawson learned to play linebacker the day before the game. Collizza was named the defensive player of the game and added to his team lead in interceptions against the Ravens.

Collin Woon-Sam, thrust into Ron Poulton's starting defensive halfback position with Poulton suffering a broken leg last week, was also superb and finished up the day with a half-dozen tackles and one

interception. Marc Lemery, the starting middle linebacker, was a steady performer throughout the match as was the front four of Jim McMullan, Marc Joncas, Mike Benzo, Yves Fiset and Pierre Muir.

There weren't many bright spots on the offence as it sentenced itself to the sidelines for most of the second half. Halfback Alain Deschamps was named the most valuable player of the game on offence as he was the game's leading rusher with 58 yards on 15 carries and he caught one pass for 15 yards. Rick Biewald caught two

passes for 34 yards and he also grabbed a short kick-off attempt by the Ravens in the fourth quarter and foiled Carleton's plans for a come-from-behind win.

Martlets stumble in field hockey action

by Brenda Cameron

The McGill women's field hockey team came fourth out of a total of ten teams at the Queen's Invitational Tournament at Kingston two weekends ago.

On Saturday the Martlets defeated Queen's College, New York, in a game that was played entirely in torrential rainfall. The muddy fields prevented either team from scoring, therefore the final outcome was determined by a penalty flick play-off. Five members from each team participated, and McGill won 2-1 with the final flick from Irene Gibeault.

The second game of the day was played indoors in the form

Injuries...

scattered all over a table in the center of the training room as a player applies an ice pack to his shoulder. Roberts pointed out that all the injured are welcome to attend a Sunday clinic where special attention can be given.

In the end, the championship team could very well be the one that manages to stay healthy, especially now that cold weather is on the way.

of floor hockey. Here McGill was successful in defeating McMaster University by a score of 3-1. Sue Renwick was responsible for two of the goals and Irene Gibeault for one.

Sunday was a rather disappointing day for the Martlets. Their first game was against Laurentian University. Penalty flicks decided this game as well, for the score had been locked at two goals each. Laurentian emerged as the victor by 2-0.

This placed McGill in the running for third place but a loss to Queen's University prevented them from assuming that position. A very slow start by the Martlets gave Queen's a 3-0 lead in the first half.

Kathy Cotter put McGill on the scoreboard early in the second half, but the team was never really able to take hold of the situation before Queen's had a 4-1 lead. Kathy scored once more to make the final score 4-2.

Sports Writers Wanted

Daily Sports is looking for able young men and women to tackle a number of writing assignments. The season never ends at McGill and at this time in October they overlap like those darling midterms. How does soccer sound? Or women's basketball? Or varsity polo? Daily Sports is also looking for graphic artists to tell a story like pictures and words can't. If any of the above descriptions interest you, we implore you, come to the Daily office B03, Student Union.

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The gun goes off on Friday, October 24th, at 12:30 pm (be there by 12:15 pm) at the Roddick Gates (Sherbrooke and McGill College)

RUN FOR YOUR LUNGS

Registration forms available at Sadie's I (Union Building), Sadie's II (McConnell Engineering Building) or on billboards across campus.

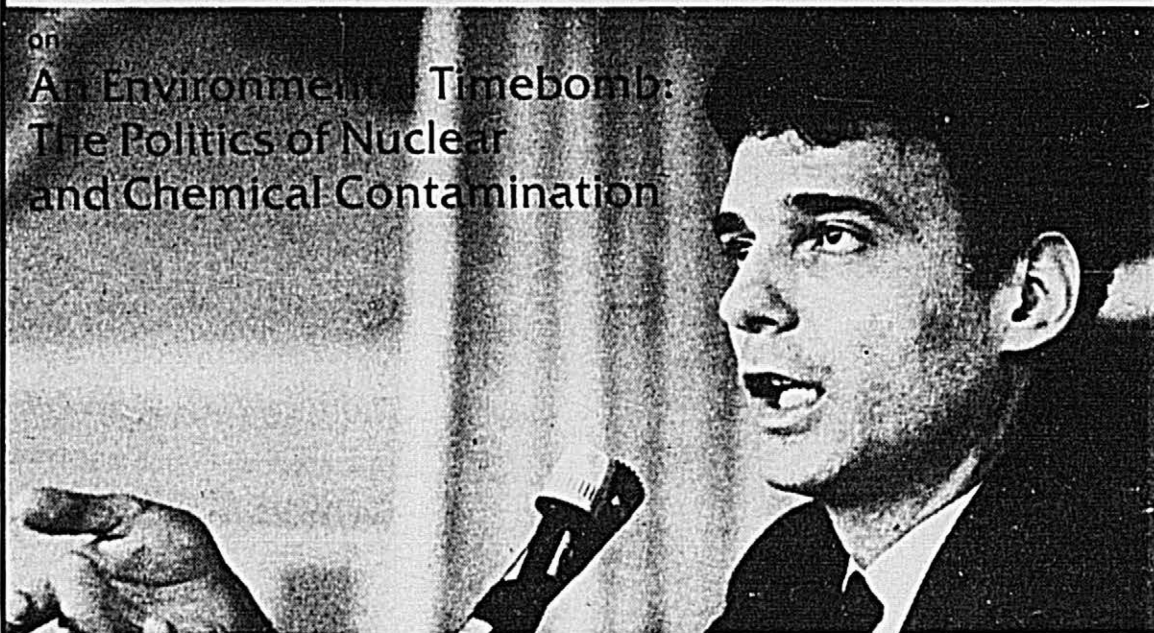
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OLD MCGILL



'81



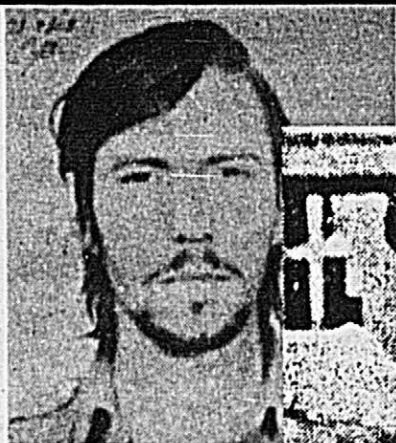
Attention Graduating Students

You have only 16 days to get your picture taken for Old McGill, the student yearbook. Just bring \$25.00 to Van Dyck and Meyers Studios at 1121 Ste. Catherine St. W. and they will do all the rest. They will even give you change back, but be sure to go down before Friday, October 31, 1980.

THERE WILL BE NO EXTENSIONS

Pick up an information sheet at the Student Society office on the first floor of the Union or call Van Dyck and Meyers at 849-7327 or call the Old McGill office at 392-8990.
(Due to the mail strike, please pick up your proofs at Van Dyck's 2 weeks after your sitting.)

October 1970

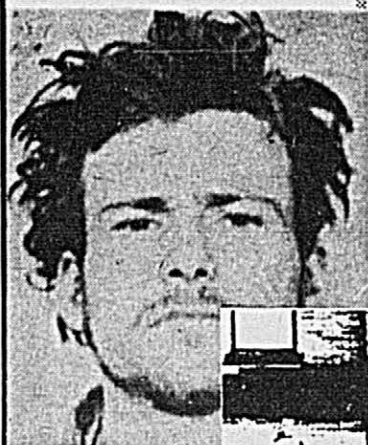


PIERRE LAPORTE dimanche

...best Bauras.

...des Robert,

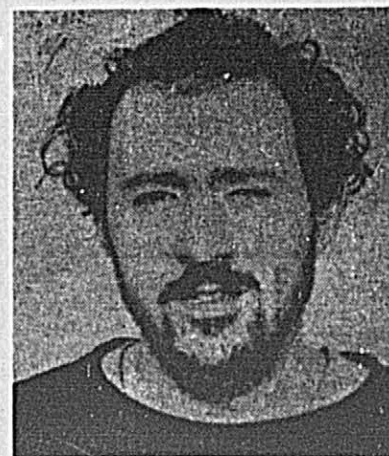
...en conviction d'être la lettre
...laite...
...le moment je suis en une finale
...triale; même avec conviction;
...j'insiste pour que la police cesse
...me retourner. Si elle y parvenait
...pour une fusille de meurtre
...certains certainement pas vivrait.



The October Crisis:

- War Measures: a history
- War against whom?
- A censored media
- The FLQ Manifesto
- The culture of the crisis

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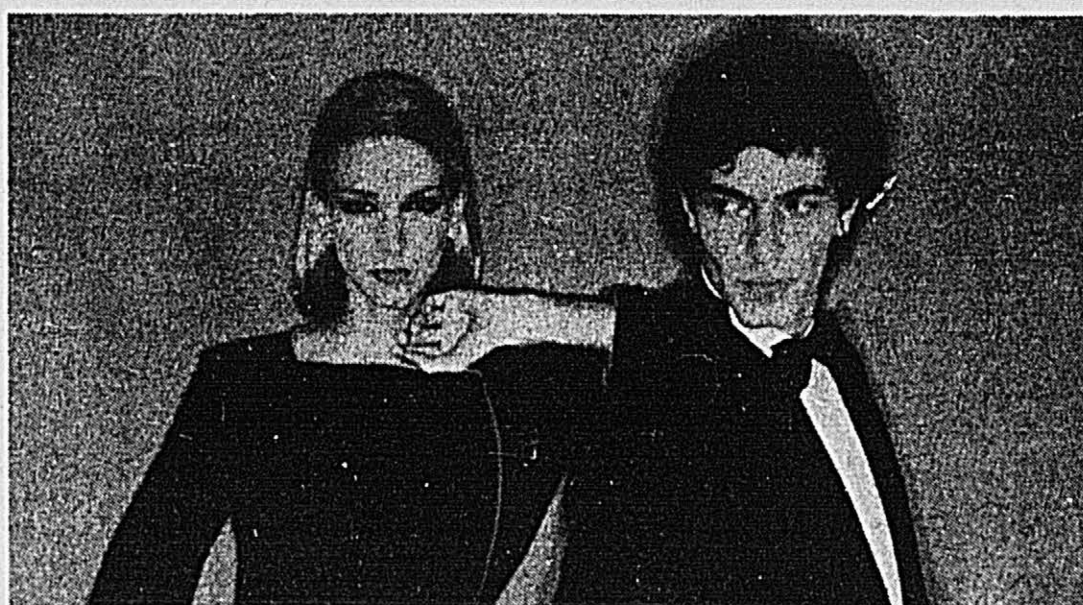
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374 — PERSONAL

To Chris the Cheerleader — Good to see you
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ATTENTION

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